

# Brandon Daily Mail.

VOL. I.

TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1883.

NO. 112.

## THE DAILY MAIL.

F. N. HAM,  
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Corner 4th Street and Rosser Avenue,  
**BRANDON.**  
Issued every day during the week at 7 o'clock a.m., Sundays excepted.

Advertisements and notices handed in at  
the office will be inserted in the daily  
edition.  
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
Twenty-five cents per week. Free delivery to  
holders of City Single copies & cents.  
Subscriptions \$100 in advance.

## Business Directory.

### BRANDON CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor—Wm. Winter.  
Clerk—J. E. Woodworth, A. L. Sifton, G. B.  
Assessor—Smart, C. Evans, H. Winter, Jas.  
Treasurer—F. Fraser, Chas. Pilling, L. M.  
Surveyor—W. H. Rose, A. C. Morris.  
Police Commissioner—L. McMillan.  
Chief of Police—D. P. Campbell, H. McPherson.  
Judge—J. Parker.  
Assessor—M. McMillan, A. Waddell.  
Surveyor—A. L. Pilling, J. A. Brownlee.  
Police—W. H. Rose, A. Henderson.  
Postmaster—H. Winter.  
Superintendent—H. Winter.

### BRANDON/CENTRAL HOSPITAL.

President—W. H. Winter.  
Physicians—W. H. Winter, Dr. J. E. Woodworth, T. Lawson, Jas. A. Deacon, J. F. McQuarrie, Rev. J. Ferries, Dr. A. L. Pilling, Dr. J. Parker.  
Surgeons—Dr. J. Parker, Dr. J. McMillan, A. Waddell, Dr. A. L. Pilling, J. A. Brownlee.  
Nurses—Misses A. Henderson, C. H. McMillan, and  
Sisterhood—Sisters of Brandon.  
Superintendent—Dr. H. McMillan.

### BOARD OF PROTESTANT SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

Chairman—Wm. Winter.  
Members—J. E. Woodworth, T. Lawson, Jas. A. Deacon, J. F. McQuarrie, Rev. J. Ferries, Dr. A. L. Pilling, Dr. J. Parker.  
Secretary—Wm. Winter.  
Treasurer—Wm. Winter.

### CHURCHES.

Anglican—Rev. J. Parker, Minister.

Methodist—Rev. J. Parker, Minister.  
Baptist—Rev. J. Parker, Minister.  
Sunday School—Rev. J. Parker, Minister.

Presbyterian—Rev. J. Parker, Minister.

Episcopal—Rev. J. Parker, Minister.  
Roman Catholic—Rev. J. Parker, Minister.

Church of Christ—Rev. J. Parker, Minister.

Church of God—Rev. J. Parker, Minister.

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—Rev. J. Parker, Minister.

Church of the Nazarene—Rev. J. Parker, Minister.

Church of the Disciples—Rev. J. Parker, Minister.

Church of the Brethren—Rev. J. Parker, Minister.

Church of the Nazarene—Rev. J. Parker, Minister.

Church of the Disciples—Rev. J. Parker, Minister.

Church of the Nazarene—Rev. J. Parker, Minister.

Church of the Disciples—Rev. J. Parker, Minister.

#### USEFUL HINTS.

In removing grease spots from carpets, make a lather of hard soap; use only cold, soft water and rub the soap from the carpet with a clean dampened cloth.

If you have a screw rusted into wood, or a bolt that will not readily turn, pour on it a little kerosene, and let it remain. In a little while it will penetrate the interstices so the screw can be easily started.

Never set the lamp upon a red table-cover; if you can not find time to make a green lamp mat, put a piece of green card-board under the lamp and you will find the reflection upon your work much more agreeable to the eyes than that from the red cover.

Two little boxes of thin wood which are used to carry butter or lard in, when covered with cambric or silk, make pretty work-boxes. Small peach baskets, painted and lined with a bright color, ornamental and convenient, besides affording the satisfaction which comes from making something from nothing.

To MAKE lavender water: Best English oil of lavender, four drachms; oil of cloves, half a drachm; musk, five grains; best spirits of wine, six ounces. Mix the oil of lavender with a little of the spirit first, then add the other ingredients, and let it stand, being kept well corked for at least two months before it is used, shaking it frequently.

A LADY writes to a contemporary as follows: A wing for brushing, the smoke from lamp chimneys and the cinders from the burners is very convenient; they remove all the grease, and there will be no drops standing upon the chimneys. It water on a duck's back, and so will no wiping, which is a saving of time; chimney, as you all know, needs some wiping after one commences. I sponged mine with soap, to remove all grease from the dish water; before I put in my dishes; rinse in the rinsing water and it is done. Soap never has made my chino neys brittle, perhaps it is because it is removed quickly; I never have found that soap made glass brittle.

#### ANTIQUE AT LAST.

They did not die simply in the Spiritual era. We have had nothing in later times to exceed in profusion and splendor the feast given in the third year of his reign by Alahusenus, King of all the earth from Ethiopia to the Indies, in his capital of Susa, to the most illustrious and the numerous of the Medes and Persians. We read in the book of Esther how the six months' feasts wound up with a banquet in the royal gardens, to which the small and great among the citizens were invited. The description preserves the magnificence of the jubilee. The multitude ate and drank in the shade of gorgeous curtains, white, blue and hyacinth, very probably that tapestry of Babylon for a chamber suite of which a Roman Emperor long after gave 232,000 of our money, or may have been some costly fabric of Tyrian wool. These curtains were suspended by rings of ivory attached to marble columns. The guests reclined on couches of ivory and silver, which stood on pavements of jasper, porphyry and alabaster, adorned with exquisite paintings. They drank out of golden cups, the meals were served in dishes continually varied, she wine, of the rarest quality, flowed as from fountains. Alahusenus entertained in a manner worthy of a mighty prince, but by all accounts the monarch and his hospitality were completely eclipsed by Solomon in all his glory. No nation since or before was more prosperous than Israel under the wise King. The precious metals were almost as common in Jerusalem as Candide found them to be in El Dorado. The daily consumption of food at Solomon's table included thirty measures of fine flour, sixty measures of meal, ten fat oxen, ten grazing oxen, 100 sheep, beside harts, roe-bucks, fallow-deer, and tattered fowl. The royal menage was, of course, in keeping with the noble commissariat, which was superintended by twelve officers, each of whom discharged the duties of hon's provider or caterer for the King's table during one month of the year. —Tinsley's Magazine.

#### A Famous Place of One House.

Chancellorsville is a desolate clearing on the southern edge of the wilderness. Time was when a hundred Virginians of the first families clinked glasses in the long dining-hall of the hostelry, and many a day did Jefferson, Madison, and those who came after, take a noon-tide rest under the surrounding elms. But the planks of the plank-road are gone. Coaches and four no longer shake dust from the shallow ruts of the pike, and旅人 no longer seek the tavern as the half-way to Gretta Green. In the old days the Chancellorsville house was a massive brick building, shaped like a squat T. Around it on every side were level fields that stretched for a quarter of a mile or more, while three important stage routes came together in front of the yard. Now only one-third of the building—the northern end—stands, and even that had to be re-erected after battle, when fire left nothing but bare walls, shot shattered and bullet pierced. From the northern end of this poor remnant of the ruined inn stuck out five pieces of shrapnel—bolts that, as Mr. Oliver says, may yet play the mischief. Above these grim things is a ragged rent in the gable end near the roof, showing where shells knocked for admission as they passed in their screaming flight eighteen years ago. The porch pillar, near which Hooker had the misfortune to stand when it was shattered by a round shot, was destroyed by fire, and in the places of the pillars are wooden columns freshly painted and without a scratch. In the yard the visitor sees the out-lines of the old house marked by shrubs, woods and stray bricks, while a dozen sweet holly-hocks growing near the porch remain as sentinels of garden beauty long since gone.

#### The Man Who Was Warned.

During the uncertain days following the close of the war there were certain localities in the South where a man who had a grudge against a neighbor got rid of him by writing him an anonymous letter warning him to leave the state inside of ten days, or prepare to fill a grave over which no one would feel particularly interested in keeping the grass green. One day Col. Blank, who had removed to Arkansas from Southern Michigan and was attending strictly to business, received such a missive. It was the rule to turn pale as death, rush home and pack up, sell out for nothing and saddle up on the wings of chain lightning, but the Colonel didn't follow it. It struck him that he knew the handwriting and he went home, buckled on a knife and a revolver, and took a ride of three miles in the country. He dismounted at the cabin of a long-haired, long-legged, old swamp owl, named Patterson, who was in the back yard mending a harness. The Colonel approached him to within three feet, and after they had seated and discussed the weather, the Michigander remarked: "Patterson, I am going to leave Arkansas."

"Shoo! Anything wrong?"  
"I've been warned away."  
"You don't say!"  
"Yes, I've been given five days to leave the State."  
"And you calkerate you will go!"  
"Yes, I'll have to or be waylaid or hung up."  
"Yes, I reckon that's so," chuckled the old man.

"But I want to take something with me to remember Arkansas by," continued the Colonel, "and I came after your scalp!"  
"My what?"  
"Sit still, old man, or I'll bore you through!"

That's it—up with your hands! If I go back to Michigan and tell 'em I was warned out of Arkansas, and that I got up and dusted without firing a shot, they'll call me a coward. If I carry your scalp back I've got something to show for the two years I've put in here and the \$6,000 I've laid out. Old man, if you know the Lord's Prayer you'd better repeat it quick, for I'm in a dreadful hurry to get back."

"Say, Kurnel, don't you like the kentry down here?" asked Patterson.  
"Yes."

"Is the climate all right?"  
"First rate."  
"Chance to make money?"  
"Good chance."

"Then, Kurnel, don't go back! I don't kee two cents about my scalp, but somehow I've got attached to you and it will rip up all my tender feelings to see you go! Let my old scalp-lock stay right wiar' she is, and you stay right whar' you be, and if any of the boys look cross-eyed at you for the next ten years I'm a kyote if I don't drive 'em into Mexico or make 'em lose themselves in the ground!"

The Colonel is down there yet, and old Patterson never meets him without anxiously inquiring if he's got over being homesick yet.

**Friendship.**  
The force of will is a potent element in determining longevity. This single point must be granted without argument, that of two men, every way alike and similarly circumstanted the one who has the greater courage and grit will be the longer lived. One does not need to practice medicine to learn that men die that might just as well live if they resolved to live, and that myriads who are invalids could become strong if they had the native or acquired will to vow they would do so. Those who have no other quality favorable to life, whose bodily organs are nearly all disengaged, to whom each day is a day of pain, who are beset by life-shortening influences, yet do live by will alone.

**Friendship.**  
Friendship has its duties. You owe your friend sympathy in his sorrows and in his joys. You owe him confidence and the information about yourself which confidence implies. Yet that information is to be given with a certain reserve, so that you do not seem to force your affairs upon him, or to make him responsible for you. Of crises in which he could not aid you, or would be pained by his inability, it is often wise to say nothing. There is a fine subtle instinct which guides in such matters. However near your friend brings you to him, you are to respect his individuality. Information that is purely personal you must wait for. If he does not volunteer it, be satisfied that he has his reason. Do not seek—above all, do not claim—it as a right of your friendship. Be generous, not exacting.

**LANG**  
**PLAIN AND DECORATIVE**  
**HOUSE & SIGN PAINTER,**  
Has made arrangements for carrying on the above business in a style fitting this rapidly advancing city.

His long and varied experience enables him to offer unequalled guarantees for the prompt and satisfactory performance of any work within the range of House & Decoration.

IN SIGN PAINTING his acknowledged

ability conveys the like assurance that he can fully meet the business public in that line.

His staff comprises experts in Gilding;

Glazing, Paper-Hanging, Kilson-

Dado-Panelling, Fresco-Painting, Il-

luminating, etc., etc.

He furnishes at short notice Ornate Gold

Signs, Nat Office Signs, Block Letter Signs,

Fancy Window Shades, Societies' Banners,

Mottos, Emblems, &c.

101 SIXTH STREET,

BRANDON, MAN.



#### SEALED TENDERS

Addressed to the undersigned, and marked "Tender for Court House and Jail, Brandon" will be received at the office of the Department of Public Works up to noon of the 4th day of May next, for the erection of a Court House and Jail in the City of Brandon, according to the plans and specifications of the office of the Department of Public Works.

The amount of the sum proposed for each tender to be forfeited in case the party whose tender is accepted refuses to enter into contract at the rates and on the terms stated in the said specification.

The party whose tender it is proposed to accept will be required to furnish security acceptable to the Government for the satisfactory completion of his contract.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimate will be paid until the completion of the work.

The lowest of any tender not necessarily accepted.

C. P. RIBBON,  
Minister of Public Works.  
Winnipeg, April 26, 1883  
1010.

#### GREAT SURPRISE!

#### Man-Farmers, Hotel Keepers, & Brandonites

are surprised at the magnitude of our stock,

#### LOW PRICES

we quote for

#### General Groceries. Provisions. Staple Dry Goods & Cloth-ing

Our trade is rapidly increasing, our stock is all new, fresh and good, and very complete.

#### SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO

#### Immigrants

and large buyers. Remember we sell for cash a large commission over actual cost. Don't waste your money until you see our Goods and compare prices.

REESOR'S

All Repairing done with neatness and despatch.

D. A. REESOR.

Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler

OSIER AVENUE RANDON

REESOR



#### NI X! DOOR WFST OF THE PORT OFFICE.

#### Brandon

#### WHITEHEAD

#### AND

#### WHITE LAW

#### WOOD ! WOOD !

#### WOOD ! WOOD !

The subscribers have arranged for 2,500 cords of first-class Polar and Tammarck

#### Dry Wood

a large quantity of which has been received and is now on sale, at their Railway Store at the foot of First Street, at lowest prices.

#### FLOUR

On Hand, 130 bags best Winnipeg strong bakers flour. For sale cheap.

WOOLWORTH & ROUNSFELL

22-30

Alex. Burns,

Cor. 11th St. and Princess Ave.

#### HARDWARE

#### Groceries and Provisions.

#### MONEY TO LOAN

on Real Estate.

FARM AND TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE

72-74

#### NOTICE.

#### PRIVATE BILLS

All applications for Private Bills, properly the subject for sanction by the Legislative Assembly of Manitoba, require a notice clearly and distinctly specifying the nature and object of the application, indicating generally the location of the work. Such notices to be inserted during four weeks preceding the date of the meeting of the LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY in two newspapers, one published in English and one in French.

A deposit of at least one hundred dollars is also required to be placed by the applicant in the hands of the Clerk of the House, together with a copy of the bill.

THOS. SPENCE

Winnipeg, 8th Nov., 1883.

\*\* Leg. Assembly

1010

Hotel to Rent.

SPLENDID STAND

ON 11TH STREET,

CORNER OF ROSSER AVE.

And Nearly Opposite the

QUEEN'S HOTEL,

AND

ONLY ONE BLOCK FROM THE NEW

RAILWAY STATION.

Apply on the Premises.

BREECHES,

Shirts and Coats, etc.

LEASK & ROSE,

Rosser Ave., Cor. 11th St.

#### Brandon-Ordered Clothing,

#### —AND—

#### Gents' Furnishing Emporium.

GENLEMEN.—

Seeing the lack of such an Establishment in this growing and prosperous City, we have just opened in the above line at Rosser Ave., two doors from 5th Street. Our aim is to furnish the City with the best class of Ordered Clothing and Gents' Furnishings yet introduced here. Having had eleven years' experience in Cobourg, the University town of Ontario, and many years in London, Eng., doing business with the best houses in Great Britain, we are therefore buying and importing from the Fountain Head, thus saving the profits of Middle Men, we can offer special advantages to our patrons.

We have on hand, Colored Worsted. Broad Cloths, Doeskins, West of England and Scotch Tweeds and Suitings. Also a large range of Canadian Tweeds. Christy's Stiff American Fine Fur and Canadian Hats. Hosiery, Gloves, and Shirts and Shirtings, and of all kinds of Gents' Furnishings, we have a Choice Selection, and we hope by combining the above with the best of practical skill and workmanship, to win the confidence and Liberal Support of the worthy citizens of Brandon and its vicinity.

We are, Gentlemen,

Yours, etc.

COLE & SANDERS.

#### O I C

#### THE PLACE

FOR WATCHES CLOCKS AND JEWEL

RY AT BOTTOM PRICES IS AT

#### REESOR'S

All Repairing done with neatness and

despatch.

D. A. REESOR.

Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler

OSIER AVENUE RANDON

REESOR

The Jeweler.

REESOR

**The Terrible Pella.**

It is about 150 years since the pella made its appearance in Europe, first in Spain, afterward in France and Italy, and later in Greece and other countries. In Italy the scourge has assumed vast proportions. In the province of Bergamo alone, in the year 1878, at least 20,000 persons, it is calculated, were affected with the terrible epidemic, almost 10 per cent. of the agricultural population of that province. The effect of the malady is a complete degradation of the physical and intellectual powers. The greater part of the victims either die in the lunatic asylums and hospitals or commit suicide, leaving the seeds of the malady (a sad heritage) to their children. This is a terrible picture, and Signor Alborghetti, a member of the Provincial Commission of Bergamo, from whose report, lately published, I gather the above particulars, advocates the most urgent and stringent measures on the part of the Government to arrest the ravages of the disease. As it has been incontrovertibly proved that the pella made its appearance and increased with the increased cultivation of maize, that—whatever the difference of soil, climate, race, social regulations, manners and customs—those places only are infected where the food of the agricultural population consists chiefly in maize flour in the shape of polenta or bread, and that even those already affected with the malady are speedily cured if their diet be varied with meat, vegetables, etc., Signor Alborghetti advocates a radical reform in the food of the agricultural laborers. He proposes that economical kitchens, superintended by provincial commissioners and regulated according to the size of the parishes and the number of persons afflicted with the disease, should be established, and that medical officers of the parish, at the first sign of the pella, in a hitherto untouched district, should have the power to give tickets to the agricultural laborers, enabling them to partake of the benefits of such economical kitchens. This, he says, is the best, most rapid and efficient way to put an end to the epidemic.—*Naples Cor. London Daily News.*

**The Use of Pain.**

The power which rules the universe in this great, tender power, uses pain as a signal of danger. Just, generous, beautiful nature never strikes a foul blow; never sinks us behind our backs; never drops pitfalls or lays ambuscades; never wears a smile upon her face when there is vengeance in her heart. Patiently she teaches us her laws, plainly she writes her warnings, tenderly she gradually softens their force. Long before the dark, red, danger-light of pain is flashed she pleads with us—as though for her own sake, not ours—to be merciful to ourselves and to each other. She makes the overworked brain to wander from the subject of its labors. She turns the over-indulged body against the delights of yesterday. This is her caution signal, "Go slow." She stands in the filthy courts and alleys that we pass daily, and beckons us to enter and realize with our senses what we allow to exist in the midst of the culture of which we brag. And what do we do ourselves? We fly whip and spur on the jaded brain as though it were a jibing horse—force it back into the road which leads to madness, and go on full gallop. We drug the rebellious body with stimulants, we hide the original and think we have escaped the danger, and are very festive before night. We turn aside, as the Pharisee did of old, and pass on the other side with our handkerchief to our nose. At last, having broken nature's laws and disregarded her warnings, forth she comes—drums beating, colors flying right in front! to punish us. Then we go down on our knees and whimper about it having pleased God Almighty to send this affliction upon us, and we pray Him to work a miracle in order to reverse the natural consequences of our disobedience, or save us from the trouble of doing our duty. In other words, we put our fingers in the fire and pray it will not hurt.

**Fun in Camp.**

The early settlers of Kentucky had to live hard and fight often with the Indians. Indian days were few, but they formed some sort of a physical exercise, the amusement of the day. A Methodist minister, who taught school at the beginning of the century, tells of a curious sport he used to indulge in with his neighbors.

He induced other stalwart set-tlers in opening a road through the forest. It was a good-natured company. The men worked hard. At night they sat round the camp fire, hunting bears and deer and Indians.

The story-tellers seemed to outdo each other in their yarns. The men would sit and listen, and then give a war-whoop. A question was always answered. Every one

had a story to tell, and the stories were chosen, and the men sat in two companies. Each company, among friends and the battle, there was but one rule of combat, and that should be thrown with the hand upon the head, so that it might be seen and detected.

The two hours the battle continued in perfect glee. But, as the first sun went down, hunting brands grew scarce, and some were broken and some were severely wounded. The battle in play was beginning to be a night in earnest.

Then came out the perfection of the weapons they had acquired in Indian wars. The loud voices of the Captains cried "Halt!" Each man dropped his brand. "To camp!" and in a few minutes the whole company, and save the sentinels, were "between their blankets."

**FARM LANDS  
FOR SALE.**

**20,000 ACRES**

of carefully selected Railway Lands for sale in the Oak River, Virden and Souris Valley Districts, at \$3.00 to \$3.50 per acre, 4 years for improvements, upon which a rebate of \$1.25 will be allowed by the Syndicate.

A Splendid Farm, 160 acres, 120 of which is broken, about two miles south of Brandon, for sale cheap. \$99 Brandon Lots for sale cheap on easy terms. For particulars apply to

**THOMAS WASTIE,**  
*Grand View Hotel, Brandon,  
Box 626, Winnipeg.*

**BOUCHER & HODON,**  
**Contractors and Builders,**

AND IRON FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS.

TO LET—4 Stores in the best commercial center of Rosser Avenue. 1 good Stand-building 4x7 1/2 x 160 feet, from the new Station. 4 large stores in Richard's Block, with 14 bedrooms and offices. 1 large Store with bedrooms and offices on 10th Street close by the new Station—very cheap—this would do very well for Hotel.

**FOR SALE.**

2 dozen wrought iron Bedsteads, 1 new Buckboard, 1 forge and outfit, 1 Half Breed Cart, 1 Single Harness, 1 Pair of Wheels, 10 Tons of Hay close by the Station, 3 Bath Tubs 150 lbs. of lead pipes and tape to be sold very cheap.

Give us a Call and see for Yourself.

**10,000 CAPITALISTS**

AND

**100,000**

**Immigrants**

Expected this Spring and Summer to the North-West,

**Now is the Time** for home Capitalists, Speculators, and others desirous of purchasing

**TOWN LOTS**

OR

**COUNTRY PROPERTY**

to secure the same before the **Spring Boom** sets in.

The Subscriber having opened a

**REAL ESTATE OFFICE**

in the

**CITY OF BRANDON** now prepared to buy and sell, and generally to transact all Agency business at the most reasonable rates of percentage,

He has for sale the balance unsold of the Lots on the

Woodworth Estate.

and other City and Country property.

Apply early and secure the Best Lots.

**J. J. MCKINNON,**  
Richard's Block, Rosser Ave.

Brandon, Man.

**Burlington**  
SHOAL LAKE P. O.

The subscriber now offers for sale valuable lots situated in a new part of the town site of

**Burlington.** On the Beautiful Beach of Shoal Lake in the County of Shoal Lake. The site is one of the most beautiful and picturesque in Manitoba, and is on the direct line of the Portage, Westbourne and N. W. Railways.

Plans being parts of N. E. 1/4 of Section 18, Twp. 16, Range 25 West, Accts. of Surveyor G. Park & Reid, L. S. may be seen at the law office of Mr. George Minnedosa, also at Henderson & Henderson's Law Office, Brandon, or we application to the subscriber.

**A. H. SCOUTEN,**  
Burlington, Shoal Lake, P. O.,  
Manitoba.

TERMS—One Third Cash, the balance in Six to Twelve Months

**MUNRO & WARWICK.**

**TINWARE STOVES**

Of all Kinds including the Celebrated Coal & Royal Cooker,

Also Lamps, Cutlery, &c.

**Rosser Ave. Near 6th Street.**  
**MUNRO & WARWICK, Tinsmiths.**

**JUST RECEIVED**

AT THE

**Glasgow Warehouse**

a large stock of

**READY-MADE CLOTHING**

which I am offering at a

**Great Reduction in Prices**

Come Early and see

**J. Blackhall,**

11th street near Rosser Ave.

Agent for the Williams singer Sewing Machines Organs, etc.

**Craig Selling Off!**

Selling Off the Whole Stock

AT COST!

GIVING UP BUSINESS.

Reason is, business at this place is not what I expected it would be, hence I have decided to go out of General Business, and all my Goods must be Cleared inside of

**NEXT 30 DAYS.**

The Stock is composed of a GENERAL ASSORTMENT of DRY GOODS,

**READY-MADE CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES**

AND

**GROCERIES.**

All of the above Goods are PERFECTLY FRESH AND NEW.

**NO OLD STOCK.**

This is the greatest chance the people of Brandon and surrounding Country have ever had to secure New Goods at really Net Cost Prices.

COME EARLY. See for yourself that I mean what I here state.

**W. J. CRAIG,**

Corner of 7th St. & Rosser Avenue.

**The Spring Trade**

Brandon's Leading House

**Still to the Front.**

**ANDERSON, CAMERON, & CUMMING**

his season offer to their patrons a LARGER CHOICE THAN EVER in every class goods, bought at the

**LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICE,**

and resold at the smallest advance on original cash cost. This firm is sufficiently well known to make comment upon the merits of their stock superfluous. Without going into detail they simply announce that they BUY FOR CASH in the CHEAPEST MARKET and sell A SMALL ADVANCE on manufacturers' prices. THEIR STOCK IS COMPLETE in every line, and will CHALLENGE COMPETITION in Variety and Cheapness with that of any house in the North-West. The public are respectfully invited to call and see the Goods which are now being opened for the shelves AT ANY TIME.

Remember it is no trouble to show Goods at the firm of

**Anderson, Cameron & Cumming,**  
Rosser Avenue.

**WILSON & KING,**

**GENERAL BLACKSMITHS**

and Jobbers.

West side of Ninth Street, between Rosser and Princess Avenues.

**BEST HORSE SHOES IN THE CITY.**

Repairing of all kinds done on short notice.

**Gentlemen, Give us a Call.**

**WILSON & KING.**

TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1881.

**STILL IN ADVANCE.**

The unprecedented increase in the circulation of the DAILY MAIL, and the consequent demands upon our space, ensuing from an appreciation of the fact by an intelligent and enterprising body of business men, has necessitated not only another increase in the size of THE MAIL, but such a re-arrangement of matter and advertisements as will at once conduce to the convenience and satisfaction of the reader of the news columns, and at the same time afford better facilities for bringing the announcements of our business men under the unmistakable notice of the reader. The change will be recognized at once as a convenience to the reader, and as giving a greatly enhanced value to the space of the advertiser. Of course such a change is not without its attendant temporary difficulties, and the issue of this morning is not all that the publisher intends it to be in a few days, and he can safely invoke the forbearance of his readers in regard to any shortcomings in this issue, at all events. In a few days not only will this improvement be perfected, but others introduced, which we have no doubt will be fully appreciated by that large circle of the friends of THE MAIL, in and out of Brandon City, who have so nobly supported the launch of the Conservative bark upon the local political sea. This step forward is but an earnest of the desire and intention of the publisher of THE MAIL to make that journal, to the best of its ability, worthy of the popular support upon which it is founded, and upon which it alone relies,—and we can safely add,—surely relies.

**HIGH ART.**

A few days ago in the House of Commons, Hon. Mr. Mackenzie, the ex-leader of the Grit party, took a rather ingenuous occasion to sneer at the long list of ex-speakers of the House of Commons, and of the old Canadian Assembly, representatives of whose features, beamingly through gongously gilt easements upon the passer along the corridor of the Parliament buildings at Ottawa. Mr. Mackenzie took occasion to sneer at them because they were not "works of art," as if indeed it were possible to paint a beauty of Sir Peter Lely's creation from the somewhat lonely list of some of the best men of our country, without either putting truth in a lie, or rendering the abject portraits who were unrecognizable to the contemporary generation, which is always the one most easily interested. In one sense, however, we are inclined to agree with Mr. Mackenzie—that the speakers of the House are not always—and in fact very infrequently—to be regarded as the leading men of the day, or worthy to be bandied down's such to posterity, by the record of a Parliamentary Portrait Gallery. A future generation, with we may suppose to be engaged in looking up with reverent admiration to the Cockburns, Angstins, Banchets and Kirkpatricks, as the instruments of creation in the political history of their country, would be very much to be pitied indeed—losing sight, as they would, of the first figures in the foreground in the battles of constitutional conflict—the Macdonalds, Browns, Carters, Camerons, Huntingtons, Blakes, Tilles, Juppers and others, who tower above the Parliamentary Picture Gallery, as giants above pygmies and whose names and reputations will be remembered when the painter's work shall have faded from the canvases.

It appears to us that if we are to have a Parliamentary Portrait Gallery, it should comprise the features of those who have been, or who are, or who may be, by the force of their intellect, the power of their political position, and their recognition as leaders by their contemporaries the real leaders of contemporary opinion. Such a gallery would be indeed a National treasury, more dear and more esteemed no doubt, by each succeeding generation, than by the present. Who can look upon the portrait of Carter in the Ottawa capital, without a thrill of pride in the recollection of the historical traditions of his dauntless invasion of this then savage land, and of all the good that has ensued to civilization, humanity, enlightenment and Christianity! What emotions would the amiable but undistinguished features of Mr. Kirkpatrick for instance, present to the political student of a second generation? While who would not seek to read in the lineaments of Sir John Macdonald, Mr. Blake, Sir Charles Tupper, or Hon. Mr. Mackenzie, some trace of those characteristics which the record of history has awarded to them, and which will be seen in a clearer light by those who come after us who will not be blinded, as we must necessarily be, who, with the most impartial intentions, endeavor to create comparisons between our supporters and our opponents? A National Portrait Gallery, in this sense, would be an invaluable political record and a heritage to posterity. While such a gallery as Mr.

Mackenzie, with very questionable taste, characterizes as "mere daubs" which "darkened the corridors," would almost, if not quite, be worthy of the vitriolic sarcasm of the writer in the Winnipeg Times who says:—

"Is it not time for the settlers of the North-West to go in for the portraits of their statesmen? We shall miss Mr. Dewdney when he is gone, and why not secure a similitude of him? We shall not miss the North-West Council when it is gone, because it has not been with us much, yet portraits of the members of that body would be much esteemed by future generations who would gaze curiously on the features of a galaxy of representatives of the people who were never called upon to legislate. A striking historical picture could also be made of the American producer in the act of refunding the duty to the North-West consumer. A painting in impulsive oil of the face of a Regina-setter who has dug 375 feet without reaching the bottom of the gumbo stratum, would also be an effective legacy to posterity. Let us make a start at all events. The duty on woolen engravings is an excellent thing as far as it goes, but what the North-West settler needs before he can begin this industry is a heavy tax on foreign chromo's, a prohibitive duty on the originals of the Old Masters. It is not fair to allow Rubens, Murillo and the other foreign masters to shun their goods in this market. Give us protection and we will show the world what Canadian skill can accomplish. Most of our people have already obtained a knowledge of at least the rudiments of high art through sketching paper towns. Encouraged by a little protection, the artists who draw Mobley, Whittemouth and Oak Lake City would become Old Masters, in imaginative painting at any rate, within a twelvemonth."

**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

A COMMISSION, consisting of Lieut.-Governor D'Alton, Col. Hugh Richardson, of Baden-Powell, and Col. James M'Leod, of Fort McLeod, has been appointed to deal with extradition matters in the Northwest.

We are in receipt of a number of communications, centreing on the great cow question. Some are from gentlemen who have already planted shade trees, and are naturally anxious for their future safety; others are from cautious citizens who would like to plant trees, but do not recognize the advisability of doing so as long as the first appearance of folia is to be nearly the signal for a sort of cattle "chambrace." Nothing would add more materially to the natural advantages with which Brandon is gifted above all other places in the Northwest, than the cultivation of trees on our streets. But such work is and must be wholly useless so long as the enterprise and the expense of property are to be left at the mercy of every vagrant animal with a taste for herbage. The cow is most useful in her proper sphere, but as an inspector of streets and highways, where green things are desired to grow, we fear her usefulness is gone.

We find a dispute in the Winnipeg Free Press to the following effect:—Col. J. C. Allen, Manager of the Dominion Colonization Co., or Q'Appelle, has taken proceeding here to recover fifty thousand dollars damages from the Canadian Pacific Railway for infringing the copyright of the Land Prospector's Manual for Settlers in the Northwest. He has also entered a similar suit in London, England, against the Company for a similar offence, as the work has been published and copyrighted there. The said author has entered an action for \$10,000 damages against the publisher in Guelph of Professor MacCann's late works on the Northwest, for piracy." Perhaps it would be wise for some of the alleged "pirates" to make inquiries as to the original derivation of the facts and knowledge which are embodied in the alleged original book,—a work of whose value and importance there cannot be the slightest doubt, but which might much better have been published by the Department of the Interior for public information, than retailled at a handsome profit for the benefit of an employee of that department. The alleged suits may possibly lead to interesting developments.

LONDON TRUTH:—It is often asserted that if facilities to consume drink in public houses were removed the only result would be that secret drinking would replace open drinking. Mr. Hyle's statistics refute this, by showing that since public houses have been closed on Sundays in Scotland there has been a decrease of 21 per cent. in the sale of spirits; that in Sweden since the introduction of the liquor laws to place which reduced the places for the sale of spirits in the whole country to 450, drinking has enormously fallen off, whereas in Switzerland, where public houses since 1879 have increased from 17,807 to 21,838, there has been a marked increase in the consumption of spirits and in drunkenness. All this proves that the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors is in direct relation with the facility to obtain them. This is in accordance with reason. The number of persons who feel such a craving for spirits that they are ready to sacrifice everything to gratify it are few in number. The mass of drinkers consists of people who drink if they can easily come across spirituous liquor. If they could not do so, they would not go greatly out of their way to procure it.

The Young Men of Brandon are invited to inspect the fine Stock of Tweeds for New Spring, as in as Scott & Paisley's. They are very choice, consisting of English, Scotch & Canadian Tweeds, French Worsted Coatings, etc. Trimmings and Workmanship. First class. Also a fine Stock of Made-up Clothing from a Common Working Suit, \$2 to \$12 up to very fine all wool Suits and Spring Overcoats. Rubber Coats and Spring Made Clothing on hand.

**For Sale or to Lease.**

The building at present occupied by Messrs. Ripple & Co., as a Hardware Store, on Eighth Street, near the corner of Princess Avenue, will be Sold or Leased on favorable terms.

The building is 20 x 50, with Lean at the rear, and suitable for any business.

Apply on the premises, to Geo. Ripple & Co., or to

J. J. MCKINNON, Esq.

Real Estate Agent,

Richards Block.

**JUST TO HAND,**

A large and fine assortment of

**Breech and Muzzle Loading**

**GUNS,**

Ranging from \$5.50 to \$75 each.

**CALL AND SEE THEM.**

**Geo. Ripple & Co.**

# GO WITH THE CROWD

.....TO.....

## T. T. ATKINSON'S!

COR. ROSSER AVE. AND 6TH ST.

FOR YOUR

## DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

## HATS AND CAPS,

## BOOTS AND SHOES,

## GROCERIES,

## PROVISIONS, etc., etc.

OUR STOCK IS NEW, LARGE AND WELL ASSORTED.

A comparison of prices before purchasing will convince all that we sell

## Cheaper and Better Goods

FOR CASH than any house in the Trade,

## NEW SPRING GOODS DAILY ARRIVING

T. T. Atkinson:

## NO SMALL POX HERE.

## STABLES,

## STABLES,

## STABLES,

## JUST OPENED.

—ON—

## Tenth Street Between Rosser and Pacific Avenues,

## Livery, Sale and Feed Stables

THE BEST STOCK OF HORSES EVER IMPORTED INTO THE COUNTRY. DEALERS IN OXEN, WAGGONS, ETC.

**POWELL & EDMUNDS.**

## Seeds Seeds Seeds!

## GARDEN & FARM.

## GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

## Settlers Supplies a Specialty

## A. E. GAVIN,

Corner 6th St. and Rosser Ave.

Winter & O'Neill's Old Stand.

## GREAT REDUCTION

In Boots and Shoes, Ready-made Clothing, &c.

This Branch must be cleared out to make room for a large consignment of Crockery and Glassware.

**FARM FOR SALE.**

220 acres, within three miles of Millford, frame house, stable, granary; 170 acres broken; spring creek runs through the farm. Will be sold on easy terms; clear title. For particulars as to price, etc., apply to

FRANK BURNETT.

No. 2 Real Estate and Financial Agent, Millford.

**Fawcett & Shearer**

**BUILDERS**

—AND—

**CONTRACTORS!**

Near the corner of

7th St. and Rosser Ave.,

**BRANDON.**

92-4m.



### The Old Fiddler.

The old fiddler! What has become of him? The dear old-fashioned fiddler of our boyhood, who occupied the one chair in the kitchen, and beat such hearty time to his music on the bare oak floor! Ah! What a whole-soled thing his foot was! No dainty and inaudible pulsation of the toe, but a genuine flat-footed "stamp," whose boisterous palpitations heard high above the rhythmic patter of the dancers' feet, jarred and jingled the little eight by ten window panes at his back and thrilled the very china on the "cubboard" shelves. There was no affectation about the old fiddler. His instrument was just a fiddle, he a fiddler; and for this homely reason alone, perhaps it was, the youthful listener felt the vibrant current of the time in every vein, with such ecstatic spurts of inward mirthfulness as at times he felt his very breath sucked up in the swirls of the intoxication, as one may feel it lost and caught up, swooping down the breezy atmosphere in a long pendulating grape-vine swing. And what quaint tunes he played! "Guideroy" was the name of one of them, "The Gray Eagle" was another, and "The Forked Deer," and "The Old Fat Gal"—all favorites. Telling the names over again, in fancy they all come whisking back—the bottom of the present is knocked out, and peering through a long, melstromic vista.

We see the fiddler through the dusk.

Twanging the ghost of Money Musk; we see the dancers skurrying to their places—we feel once more encased in one "best clothes"—and all mechanically our hand goes up again to stroke the bear-greased roach upon our forehead ere we salute our blushing "partner" who, for all her shining face and chat-and rustling toilet, has still an odor of dishwater clinging to the mellow hands we love to clasp no less. We pause impatiently as the fiddle "rouses up" again; we hear the long premonitory ringing of the bow; we see the old man cross his legs with the old time abandon, and with a bewildering flourish of wrist and elbow the frolicsome old tune comes cantering over the strings like a game-some colt down a corduroy road, and then, "Salute your pardners! All hands round!" and away we go, too happy, happy, happy to recall the half of the long-vanished delight from this old, hopeless and bald-headed standpoint of to-day, and the magician—the maestro—the old fiddler whose deft touches either lulled or fired our blood in those old days—ah! where is he? We wander wearily in quest of him. We do not find him at the banquet, the crowded concert-hall of the theater. They do not want him in the opera. The orchestra would blush to have him there. In all the wide, world he had not where to lay his head, and so the old musician journeyed on simply because—

His instrument, perhaps, was made  
far from classic Italy.

And yet we sadly, sadly fear  
Such tunes we nevermore may hear;  
Some were sad and some so gay—  
The tunes Dan Harrison used to play.

### Effect of Hot Weather on Troops.

A German medical paper gives a list of some of the most notable instances where in hot weather bodies of troops on the march have suffered severely from the heat. During the seven years' war, when Frederick the Great was marching from Marienburg upon Bautzen, no fewer than 300 men died on one day—the 6th of August, 1760—from sunstroke. On the 21st of May, 1827, while the guard corps was maneuvering between Berlin and Potsdam, the men, exhausted by the heat, fell down in masses on the road, and the whole force became a mere rabble, some struggling on in vain attempts to keep their places in the ranks, others lying down and dying by the wayside. On the 8th of July, 1853, at the conclusion of some maneuvers in the camp of Beverloo, two battalions were ordered to march to the adjacent station of Hasselt to proceed by special train to Brussels; but before the former place could be reached so many men had died from sunstroke, or had fallen down exhausted by the heat, that of the 600 men originally comprised in the two battalions only 150 arrived at Brussels. In the following year a column of Prussian troops suffered in a similar manner, and during one of the battles of the French army in the Netherlands an equally great mortality ensued.

### A Sure Remedy.

There is no remedy for trouble equal to hard work—labor that will tire you, physically, to such an extent that you must sleep. If you have met with losses, you don't want to be awake and think about them. You want sleep—calm, sound sleep, and to eat your dinner with an appetite. But you can't unless you work. If you say you don't feel like work, and go loafing all day to tell Jim, Dick and Harry the story of your woes, you'll be awake, and keep your wife awake by your tossing, spoil your temper and your breakfast next morning, and begin to-morrow feeling ten times worse than you do today. There are some great troubles that only time can heal, and perhaps some that can never be healed at all; but all can be helped by the great panacea, work.

The average life of a lawyer is about five years in Ohio—then they reform and remove to some other State.

It is said that there will be a base in the future.

### Destroyers of Contagion.

The Boston *Journal of Chemistry* says: Modern science has let in a flood of light upon the causes of many illnesses, and the nature of the contagia upon which their propagation depends. Not only has the cause of disease been traced to agents external to the body, but the exact forms of these disturbing organisms have been pointed out. They consist of minute particles, probably in most or all cases of a vegetable nature; they are therefore non-gaseous and in no respect comport themselves like gaseous bodies.

The best method to disinfect clothing is by the use of heat. Experiment has shown that no form of contagia can withstand a temperature of 220 degrees Fahrenheit; therefore, clothing placed in a box two hours, with dry heat above that of boiling water, is thoroughly disinfected; or it may be soaked in boiling water with the same result.

Chlorine is a gaseous body, and is in ordinary cases an effective disinfectant. It is, however, inferior to sulphurous acid; this is the most valuable agent we have, but unfortunately it is not safe in inexperienced hands. A room in which a case of infectious disease has been placed can be thoroughly cleansed by burning a little sulphur in the absence of the inmates. The sulphurous acid is a gas exceedingly disagreeable and irreparable, and great caution is necessary in its use.

Permanganate of potash is a true disinfectant having oxidizing powers of high capability, but it must be used in much larger quantities than are usually employed. Its high cost is a bar to its free use, and it is not clearly seen how it can ever become much cheaper. Chloride of lime, freely used, is a good disinfectant; but when it is placed in vessels in small quantities in sick-rooms or sparingly sprinkled in drains, it has but slight influence as a destroyer of contagion. Carbonate of lime is a cheap and good disinfectant, but it must be used in large amounts to be useful. Several of the metallic salts have powerful antiseptic properties; for example, the protosulphate of iron. This salt, in strong solution, is a valuable agent, and is worthy of notice. At this point it should be stated that carbonic acid and the metallic salts, used in small quantities, are preservative agents, and may actually prolong the life of contagium by preventing its destruction through natural processes.

There are numerous patented "antiseptics" and "disinfectants" which are perfectly worthless so far as any influence upon septic germs is concerned. It is very important that heads of families, and especially physicians, should clearly understand what is required when selecting an agent for practical use.

President Harrison's Charge.

Many of our old readers can recall the gloom cast over the nation by the death of President Harrison. He was the first President who had died in office. His administration had endured but

"one little month."

It was reported that he had been killed by the hordes of politicians who beset him day and night, clamoring for offices. His successor, Vice President Tyler, was unknown to the country, and there were many fears that the Whigs would not gather the fruits of their great political victory.

Newspapers appeared in mourning lines, churches and public buildings were draped with emblems of woe, and clergymen preached funeral discourses. It was a day of great mourning in the nation.

The report that the politicians had killed the President had a basis of fact. The importunities had so overtaxed his physical powers that he was unable to resist an attack of pneumonia.

He was an early riser, and used to go to market. The spring was cold and stormy, but the President would not wear an overcoat. One morning he was wet by a shower, but refused to change his clothes. Pneumonia seized him the next day.

Washington life, with its late hours and ravenous office-seekers, had enfeebled the old man accustomed to the simple life and early hours of his plain Ohio home.

He became delirious. His broken expressions showed that the politicians had overburdened him.

"My dear madam," he would say, "I did not direct that your husband should be turned out. I did not know it. I tried to prevent it."

"It is wrong!" he exclaimed at another time. "I won't consent; it is unjust."

"These applications—will they never cease?"

His last words seemed addressed to his successor. Clearing his throat, he said with distinctness, "Sir, I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."

work.

There is no remedy for terrible equal to hard work—labor that will tire you, physically, to such an extent that you must sleep. If you have met with losses, you don't want to be awake and think about them. You want sleep—calm, sound sleep—and to eat your dinner with an appetite. But you can't unless you work.

An exchange says: "Streams all over the country are running dry." This is a canard. When a stream is dry it can't run.

If an untruth is only a day old it is called a lie; if it is a year old it is called a falsehood; but if it is a century old it is called a legend.

CONGRESSMEN have a way of utilizing the mails to their own profits. That is frank.

### BOWER, BLACKBURN,

### MUNDE & PORTER,

Cor. Pacific Ave. and 10th St.,

### BRANDON.

GENERAL WHOLESALE & RETAIL  
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

MERCHANDISE

AND

### Emigrant's Outfits,

Having completed our additional Warehouses we are now prepared to submit to the trade generally an immense

### STOCK OF GOODS

now complete in every Department, which for

### Extent, Variety, Excellence and Value

we believe to be unequalled in the City.

### The Dry Goods Department

will be found replete with all the leading

Specialties and Novelties of the season.

### Clothing and Gentlemen's Furnishing Department

is unrivaled in the City for Cheapness, Style,

Beauty and Attractiveness.

### The Boot & Shoe Department

is most complete in extent, variety of style and especially adapted to the wants of the trade.

### The Grocery and Provision Department

comprises an immense and unlimited range of fresh and reasonable Goods, embracing all the luxuries of the season.

### The Hardware Department

is unlimited in range and unchallenged in value.

### The Crocker and Glassware Department

is simply immense.

J. D. McDougall,

F. A. McPherson.

The Subscribers have re-opened their manufacturing establishment, and are now prepared to execute all orders with neatness, firmness and despatch.

## CONTRACTING

## & BUILDING

Attended with promptness Job Work executed at short notice.

### Satisfaction guaranteed in all Cases.

Additional machinery is desired and will shortly be at hand, when their premises will be enlarged and

### INCREASED FACILITIES

afforded for the execution of all orders with which they now solicit.

### WOOD TURNING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

McDOUGALL & MCPHERSON

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS,

Near corner 4th Street and Rosser Avenue, Brandon, Man.

## A BOOM AT

## The Hamilton Stove Store.

We have in Stock one car of

### WOOD AND COAL

## COOK STOVES

from one of the leading manufacturers. Also a fine lot of

### COAL OIL COKER

Granite Ware in endless variety, Jappanned Goods, Tin Ware, Copper ware, Table and Pocket Cutlery, Lamps, Brackets, Lanterns, Candlesticks, Reflectors, Shades, Cruet Stands, Paint, Stove and Shoe Brushes, Machine Oil and Coal Oil.

### ROOFING AND REPAIRING

done at Shortest notice.

Cor. 8th St and Rosser Ave.

### WRIGHT & WRIGHT.

## H. Meredith & Co.

have completed preparations, and are now showing full lines in all the departments.

## IN DRY GOOD,

We have the very latest styles, and, as the goods are all new, we call your special attention to that branch. We are also showing a large stock of

### READY-MADE CLOTHING, GENTS' FURNISHINGS, HATS AND CAPS.

## HARDWARE !

We have in stock complete lines of

Builders', Fitters and Mechanics' Tools.

## GROCERIES

First-Class China & Japan Teas

Tinne Goods of Every Variety.

Cross & Blackwell's Relishes

And a Choice Assortment of High Class Groceries.

H. MEREDITH & CO.

Rosser Ave. & 6th St.

### Stock which

has just arriv-

ed at the

### Manchester

### House.

Rock Bottom Prices

for all.

J. MMcINTYRE.

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Wines, Liquors, and Spirits

ESTABLISHED 1872.

ALL GOODS GUARANTEED.

Orders to Winnipeg, addressed to 412, Main Street, will receive prompt attention.

AGENT AT BRANDON.

J. McKIVOR,

EIGHTH STREET.

## UXBRIDGE ORGAN,

FOR SALE BY

### MILLER & ROSS.

Nine Stop Organ only \$125.

Every Organ warranted for five years.

### MILLER & ROSS.

Furniture Warerooms

88

**Death of the Old Wife.**

Detroit Free Press.  
She had lain all day in a stupor, breathing with heavily labored breath, but as the sun sank to rest in the far-off western sky, and the red glow on the wall of the room faded into dense shadows, she awoke and called feebly to her aged partner who was sitting motionless by the bed side; he bent over his dying wife and took her wan, wrinkled hand in his.

"Is it night?" she asked, in tremulous tones, looking at him with eyes that saw not.

"Yes," he answered softly. "It is growing dark."

"Where are the children?" she queried.

"Are they all in?"

Poor old man! how could he answer her; the children who had slept for long years in the old back-yard—who had outlived childhood and borne the heat and burden of the day, and growing old, had lain down the cross and gone to wear the crown, before the old father and mother had finished their sojourn.

"The children are safe," answered the old man, tremulously; "don't think of them, Janet, think of yourself; does the way seem dark?"

My trust is in thee; let me never be confounded. What does it matter if the way is dark?

I'd rather walk with God in the dark in the dark than walk alone in the light.

I'd rather walk with him by faith than walk alone by sight.

"John, where's little Charlie?" she asked. Her mind was again in the past. The gray dust of twenty years had laid on Charlie's golden hair, but the mother had never forgotten him. The old man patted her cold hands—hands that had labored so hard that they were seamed and wrinkled and calloused with years of toil, and the wedding ring was worn to a mere thread of gold—and then he caressed his thin lips to them, and cried. She had encouraged and strengthened him in every ton of life! Why, what woman she had been! Always with the gift of prayer or service. They had stood at many a death-bed together, closed the eyes of loved ones, and then stood with the Bible between them to read the promises. Now—she was about to cross the dark river alone.

And it was strange and sad to the old man, and the yellow-haired granddaughter left them, to hear her talk of walks in the woods, of gathering May flowers and strolling with John, of pastime-scares that she had always spun down with a strong, resolute hand; of gadding foot and death, bed-triumph, and when at mid-night she heard the bird-groan's voice, and the old man bending over her cried pitifully, in the young granddaughter knew he red-brown, there was a solemn joy in her voice as she spoke the name of her children, one by one, as if she saw them with immortal eyes, and with un-gilded smile put on immortality. They had the old man sobbing away, and when to see her again the glad sun was shining, the air was jubilant with the song birds, and she lay as easy on the couch under the north window, where he had seen her so often lie down to rest, while waiting for the Sabbath bell. And she wore the same best black silk, and the string of gold beads about her thin neck, and the folds of white tulle. Only now the brooch with his miniature was wanting, and its place was a white rose and a spray of cedar—she had loved cedar—she had loved to sing over her son.

—In His courts he sees.

—A young cedar, brown and green."

But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had a strange young, and a placid smile.

The man was awed by the likeness to the bird of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly:

"You've found heaven first, Janet, but I'll come for me soon. It's our last parting in over a seventy year, but it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows had not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but not! Where they are, is better marriage nor giving in marriage,

—In His courts he sees.

—A young cedar, brown and green."

But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had a strange young, and a placid smile.

The man was awed by the likeness to the bird of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly:

"You've found heaven first, Janet, but I'll come for me soon. It's our last parting in over a seventy year, but it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows had not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but not! Where they are, is better marriage nor giving in marriage,

—In His courts he sees.

—A young cedar, brown and green."

But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had a strange young, and a placid smile.

The man was awed by the likeness to the bird of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly:

"You've found heaven first, Janet, but I'll come for me soon. It's our last parting in over a seventy year, but it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows had not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but not! Where they are, is better marriage nor giving in marriage,

—In His courts he sees.

—A young cedar, brown and green."

But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had a strange young, and a placid smile.

The man was awed by the likeness to the bird of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly:

"You've found heaven first, Janet, but I'll come for me soon. It's our last parting in over a seventy year, but it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows had not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but not! Where they are, is better marriage nor giving in marriage,

—In His courts he sees.

—A young cedar, brown and green."

But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had a strange young, and a placid smile.

The man was awed by the likeness to the bird of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly:

"You've found heaven first, Janet, but I'll come for me soon. It's our last parting in over a seventy year, but it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows had not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but not! Where they are, is better marriage nor giving in marriage,

—In His courts he sees.

—A young cedar, brown and green."

But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had a strange young, and a placid smile.

The man was awed by the likeness to the bird of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly:

"You've found heaven first, Janet, but I'll come for me soon. It's our last parting in over a seventy year, but it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows had not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but not! Where they are, is better marriage nor giving in marriage,

—In His courts he sees.

—A young cedar, brown and green."

But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had a strange young, and a placid smile.

The man was awed by the likeness to the bird of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly:

"You've found heaven first, Janet, but I'll come for me soon. It's our last parting in over a seventy year, but it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows had not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but not! Where they are, is better marriage nor giving in marriage,

—In His courts he sees.

—A young cedar, brown and green."

But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had a strange young, and a placid smile.

The man was awed by the likeness to the bird of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly:

"You've found heaven first, Janet, but I'll come for me soon. It's our last parting in over a seventy year, but it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows had not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but not! Where they are, is better marriage nor giving in marriage,

—In His courts he sees.

—A young cedar, brown and green."

But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had a strange young, and a placid smile.

The man was awed by the likeness to the bird of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly:

"You've found heaven first, Janet, but I'll come for me soon. It's our last parting in over a seventy year, but it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows had not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but not! Where they are, is better marriage nor giving in marriage,

—In His courts he sees.

—A young cedar, brown and green."

But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had a strange young, and a placid smile.

The man was awed by the likeness to the bird of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly:

"You've found heaven first, Janet, but I'll come for me soon. It's our last parting in over a seventy year, but it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows had not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but not! Where they are, is better marriage nor giving in marriage,

—In His courts he sees.

—A young cedar, brown and green."

But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had a strange young, and a placid smile.

The man was awed by the likeness to the bird of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly:

"You've found heaven first, Janet, but I'll come for me soon. It's our last parting in over a seventy year, but it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows had not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but not! Where they are, is better marriage nor giving in marriage,

—In His courts he sees.

—A young cedar, brown and green."

But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had a strange young, and a placid smile.

The man was awed by the likeness to the bird of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly:

"You've found heaven first, Janet, but I'll come for me soon. It's our last parting in over a seventy year, but it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows had not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but not! Where they are, is better marriage nor giving in marriage,

—In His courts he sees.

—A young cedar, brown and green."

But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had a strange young, and a placid smile.

The man was awed by the likeness to the bird of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly:

"You've found heaven first, Janet, but I'll come for me soon. It's our last parting in over a seventy year, but it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows had not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but not! Where they are, is better marriage nor giving in marriage,

—In His courts he sees.

—A young cedar, brown and green."

But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had a strange young, and a placid smile.

The man was awed by the likeness to the bird of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly:

"You've found heaven first, Janet, but I'll come for me soon. It's our last parting in over a seventy year, but it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows had not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but not! Where they are, is better marriage nor giving in marriage,

—In His courts he sees.

—A young cedar, brown and green."

But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had a strange young, and a placid smile.

The man was awed by the likeness to the bird of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly:

"You've found heaven first, Janet, but I'll come for me soon. It's our last parting in over a seventy year, but it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows had not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but not! Where they are, is better marriage nor giving in marriage,

—In His courts he sees.

—A young cedar, brown and green."

But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had a strange young, and a placid smile.

The man was awed by the likeness to the bird of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly:

"You've found heaven first, Janet, but I'll come for me soon. It's our last parting in over a seventy year, but it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows had not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but not! Where they are, is better marriage nor giving in marriage,

—In His courts he sees.

—A young cedar, brown and green."

But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had a strange young, and a placid smile.

The man was awed by the likeness to the bird of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly:

"You've found heaven first, Janet, but I'll come for me soon. It's our last parting in over a seventy year, but it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows had not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but not! Where they are, is better marriage nor giving in marriage,

—In His courts he sees.

—A young cedar, brown and green."

But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had a strange young, and a placid smile.

The man was awed by the likeness to the bird of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly:

"You've found heaven first, Janet, but I'll come for me soon. It's our last parting in over a seventy year, but it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows had not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but not! Where they are, is better marriage nor giving in marriage,

—In His courts he sees.

—A young cedar, brown and green."

But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had a strange young, and a placid smile.

The man was awed by the likeness to the bird of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly:

"You've found heaven first, Janet, but I'll come for me soon. It's our last parting in over a seventy year, but it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows had not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but not! Where they are, is better marriage nor giving in marriage,

—In His courts he sees.

—A young cedar, brown and green."

But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had a strange young, and a placid smile.

The man was awed by the likeness to the bird of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly:

"You've found heaven first, Janet, but I'll come for me soon. It's our last parting in over a seventy year, but it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows had not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but not! Where they are, is better marriage nor giving in marriage,

—In His courts he sees.

—A young cedar, brown and green."

But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had a strange young, and a placid smile.

The man was awed by the likeness to the bird of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly:

"You've found heaven first, Janet, but I'll come for me soon. It's our last parting in over a seventy year, but it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows had not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but not! Where they are, is better marriage nor giving in marriage,

—In His courts he sees.

—A young cedar, brown and green."

But what strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had a strange young, and a placid smile.

The man was awed by the likeness to the bird of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly:

"You've found heaven first, Janet, but I'll come for me soon. It's our last parting in over a seventy year, but it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows had not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but not! Where they are, is better marriage nor giving in marriage,

—In His courts he sees.

